



ADULTS ONLY \$2.95

LAST GASP COMIX & STORIES #2

"My fond hope is to up the obscurity quotient with each issue" (me, in L.G.C. & S.#1). Ahh, idealism. Well, having won the election, I've wasted no time at all in breaking my campaign promises. The "obscurity quotient," in terms of the relative well-known-ness of the artists used, has actually gone down this time around, rather than been "upped."

O.K., O.K. I'll do better next issue, I swear. Please, you unpublished, introverted art-nerds with no friends and no lives: Submit to me! Now! Why, I just saw a review of the first issue which called a lot of the pieces "disgusting" and said that "if the names aren't familiar to you, don't worry... The ugly art and disgusting stories in this collection put me off rather than drawing me in and forcing me to read them."

See! Someday, you too might be thought of as justifiably unread, your work as worthy of nothing but scorn and derision. What on earth are you waiting for? If no one but yourself and your increasingly small circle of friends thinks that your work has "merit", chances are that I'll look on it favorably.

Take a look at the muck in which this issue wallows:

Frank Kozik: Front Cover. Nick Rubinstein did the color seps using some computer program I'll never even begin to understand..

Max Andersson: "Kostco" This story was originally called "Konsum" in Max's native Swedish, and Mats Stromberg translated it..

Brad "Razorbranch" Johnson: "Dream of the Beautiful Office Job". Brad's wife just had a child! And he did this!

Lynne von Schlichting: "It's the Smart-Ass" Lynne lives in Ridgewood, New York, and she's constantly calling, asking me when the damn thing is going to come out..

Chuck Sperry & Bucky Sinister: "The Reluctant Highway Leper" A former Catskills comedy team; Chuck has recently converted to fundamentalist Christianity.

Danny Hellman: "Mister Pons vs Chemical Girl" The latest installment in Danny's hard-drinking brainstem saga. Danny slaves away in the borough of Brooklyn, New York.

Eric White: "Glen Shit" Eric does illustration work from his home in San Francisco.

Steven Cerio: "Ninny Pollen" After arduous effort, Steve has concocted the ultimate amalgam of locusts, squash, elephants and dogs. just in time for the holiday season.

John Howard: "Chump Change" Not the John Howard who does *Horny Biker Shuts* (8 issues available from Last Gasp. Buy it.), this John Howard "lives" in Berkeley, California.

Peter Kuper: "The Helmsman" Amazingly talented Mr Kuper took time out of his busy schedule to adapt this Kafka story for a cheap, vulgar, lowest common denominator publication like this.

J.C. Gibson: "Observer Obelus (1&2)" Don't quote me on this, but J. lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and this issue represents his first publishing experience.

Stéphane Blanquet: "The Cockroach Kid" Young Stéphane's latest French fable was translated, as usual, by Erick Gilbert.

David Fremont: "Myron's Pets/ Snack Wagon" Dave used to be in a band with my ex-roommate, unless my memory fails me, and now he draws things from his shack out by the railroad tracks, in San Francisco.

Mother Fakir & Robin Goodfellow: "Politico the Clown" I'm led to believe that these two young men live, breathe and sometimes work in San Francisco.

There will be a third issue. It will be good. Thank you.

Noah Mass, "Editor"

K O S T C O



MAX ANDERSSON

EMMA GETS A JOB AT KOSTCO



CUSTOMERS GET THE WRONG IDEA...



BUT SANDER INTERVENES

WE MUST SHOW A DESIRE TO COOPERATE
EMMA. NOT EVERYONE HAS A JOB
THESE DAYS



BUT SANDER INTERVENES

WE MUST SHOW A DESIRE TO COOPERATE
EMMA. NOT EVERYONE HAS A JOB
THESE DAYS

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS

WHAT A MAN!
COULD I BUY A
CHUNK OF YOUR
LEFT ARM

HAHA
BY ALL
MEANS!

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS

WHAT A MAN!
COULD I BUY A
CHUNK OF YOUR
LEFT ARM

HAHA
BY ALL
MEANS!

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS

WHAT A MAN!
COULD I BUY A
CHUNK OF YOUR
LEFT ARM

HAHA
BY ALL
MEANS!

SANDER BECAME KOSTKO'S FIRST MARTYR!

HE DID IT FOR US!

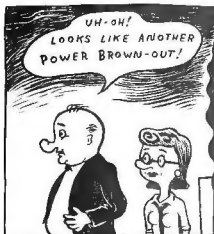
SANDER BECAME KOSTKO'S FIRST MARTYR!

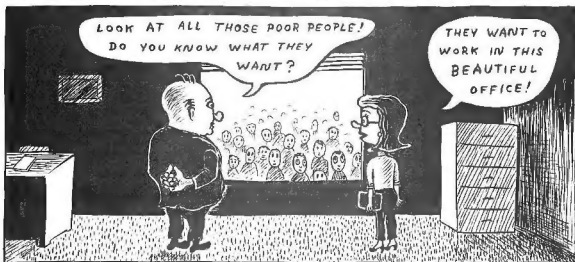
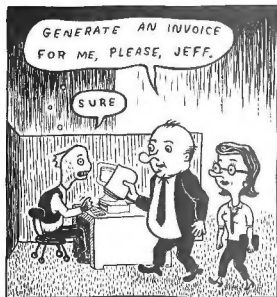
HE DID IT FOR US!



Dream of the Beautiful Office Job

by *Razorbranch*







IT'S THE SMART-ASS!

SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK are stylin'!



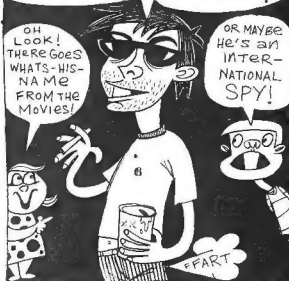
SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK make it EASIER TO IGNORE FORMER GIRLFRIENDS MAKING OUT WITH DICKS!



BLOCK OUT ANNOYING DISCO LIGHTS!



SUNGLASSES make the world a LESS UGLY PLACE!



the Dried washers of skin flaked off Clem's neck
as he scratched. He parked his eighteen wheeler
in his usual spot at Lizzie's.

RELUCTANT HIGHWAY LEPER

Lizzie's

EAT

Exit 33
Gas Food
Lodging

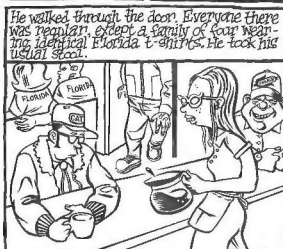
As he got out of the cab,
he brushed the skin and
hair off the seat ...

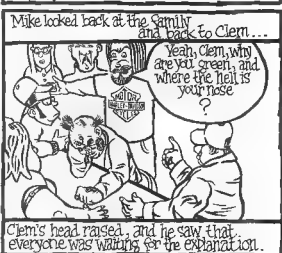


and picked up his right pinky
finger from the floorboard.

art:
Chuck Sperry
story:
Bucky
Sinister

1994





Aaw, nuts.
It's a long story. I
need a cup of joe.



Big Lizzie poured
him a cup.

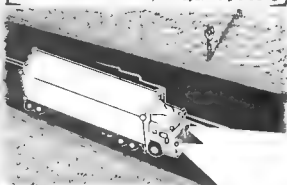
Thanks, he took
a sip.

Aahhh, well,
all of you know how
hard it's getting on
independents.

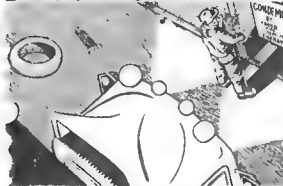


Each trucker grunted

So anyway, I get real desperate, and
I take this under-the-table job with
a load of toxic waste. I pick
up in Rhode Island, and drive to New Mex.



The dump there got busted by the
Feds by the time I got there, so I
head to this place I know over by San
Antonio. They won't take it neither.



So then, I try to get a hold of the
boys in Rhode Island, but they
tell me it's my problem, and they
won't do nothing to help.

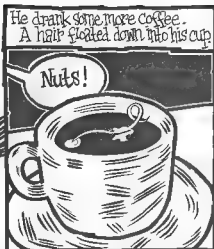


Meanwhile, I
start coughing
up this black
phlegm and throw-
ing up a lot. So I start
to think that maybe
it's got something to
do with my load, so I
go back and open up
I see all them oil
drums leaking some-
thing that looks and
smells like Satan's
afterbirth,
and I heave again.



So I keep
getting leak-
on places, just
wanting to get
rid of it all, not want-
ing to leave the trailer
somewhere. I been
on the road for two
weeks, now, damn
near all my hair's
fallen out, lost a
lotta weight and most
recently, I got some
kind of weird leprosy
stuff going on...





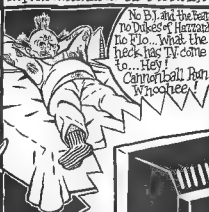
Clem left for the motel.



Big Lizzie used a napkin when she picked up Clem's cup and threw it away. She motioned the truckas over.



Clem woke up in his room from a nap. He switched on the television.



He took off his shoes and socks. Two middle toes rolled out his sock.



... There was a knock on the door.



Little Lizzie opened the door slowly and came in.

Clem jumped up and a toe from his left foot popped off.



He grabbed her and kissed her on the cheek.

Uh, Clem, I need to use the bathroom.

Sure thing, baby. I'll be waiting.

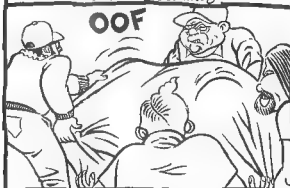


Clem undressed and got into bed.



The door opened and Roy, Luke, Mike, and Greg rushed in with Big Lizzie following close behind.

Roy and Luke grabbed the top of the covers and pulled them over Clem's head. Mike and Greg held down the bottom corners. Clem started screaming.



Sorry to do this to you, dear,

Big Lizzie said, climbing onto the table, but you need to be put out of your misery.

KERAAACK!



Big Lizzie bellyflopped onto Clem, who grunted and snapped. Clem stopped moving.



I think that's it, boys, take him out of here.

The men rolled Clem up in the bedding like a burrito.

Little Lizzie came out of the bathroom with vomit chunks in her hair.



Momma, I'm sick.

We're all a little sick, sugar. Let's go home.

They walked by the men who were putting Clem in the back of Joshua's pickup. Big Lizzie scratched her head and came away with a handful of hair.



AMEN.

MISTER PONS VS. CHEMICAL GIRL

©1994 DANNY HELLMAN

TODAY'S
PSYCHO-
PHARMACOLOGIST
IS A
MODERN-DAY
MIRACLE
WORKER!

WE CAN
PINPOINT
PROBLEMS IN
A PATIENT'S
BRAIN
CHEMISTRY AND
RELIEVE THEM
WITH A PRECISE
COMBINATION
OF DRUGS!

I GO
GET HIM
NOW,
RIGHT?

NO, WAIT--
--I WANT TO
TRY SOMETHING.

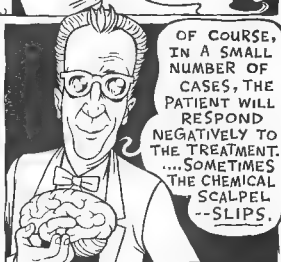
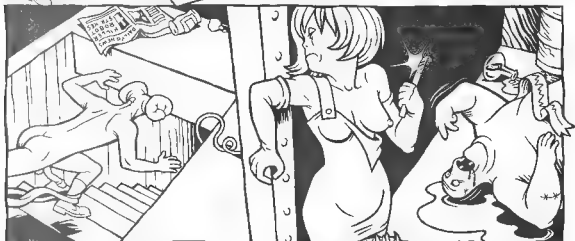


HEY, STUD!
--LOOKING
FOR A
PARTY?



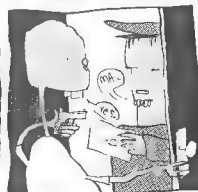
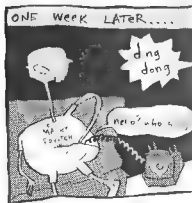
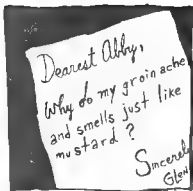
QUICKLY--
TAKE HIS CLOTHES
OFF AND GET
HIM ON THE
TABLE!





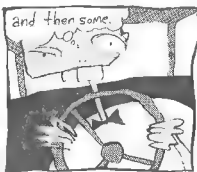
It's Time For Your Medication.

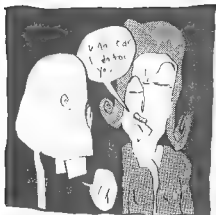
the GLORIOUS REALM of GLEN SHIT



Dear Glen,
I was quite enthralled
by your note. It would
please me immensely
to get to know you a bit
better. I have enclosed
my home number and
address. Please give me
a ring or simply drop by.
Lovingly yours,
Abby x x x

P.S. certain areas are
currently moist





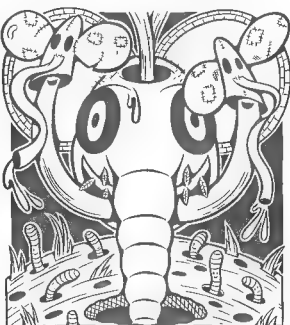
NINNY POLLEN.

STEVEN CERIO



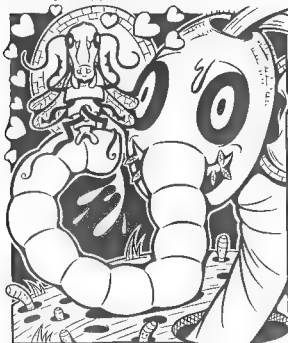
I have a friend named 'Ninny Pollen' and Ninny is a locust.

She has antennae, wings and compound eyes to keep things sharply focused.

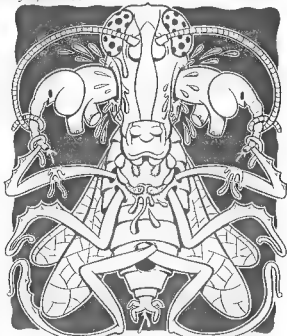


Ninny was nibbling a leaf one day when a sizzling sound arose.

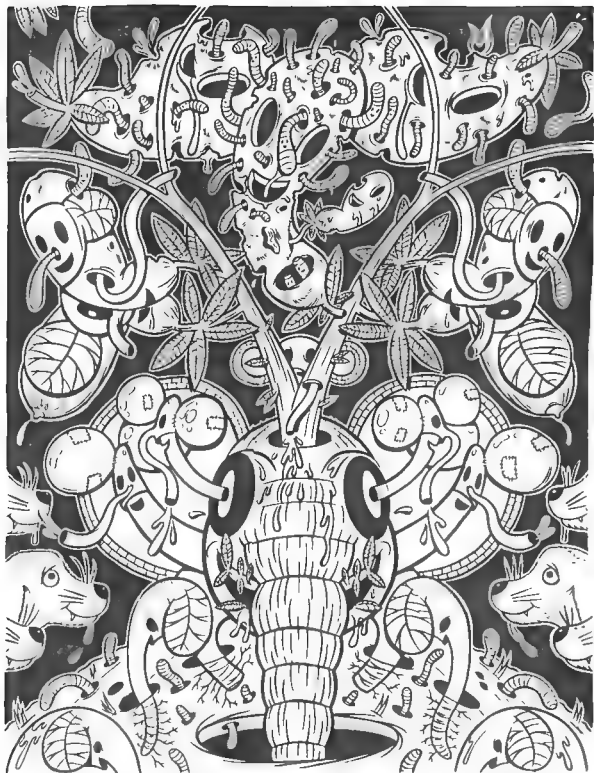
She turned to spy a handsome man with a very lengthy nose.



He said 'I am a squash plant with puppets on each tusk.'
They made love in the garden dirt till the daylight turned to dusk.



By Spring her cheeks were full and fat with chubby lovely twins,
that took poor Ninny's life away and cost away her sins.



Nanny did at seven a.m. and they cried with fear and
 54.

He cried away some angry dogs with the rust puppets he
 built.

Father Squash did just what he knew was right for his
 children he said, as so dear.

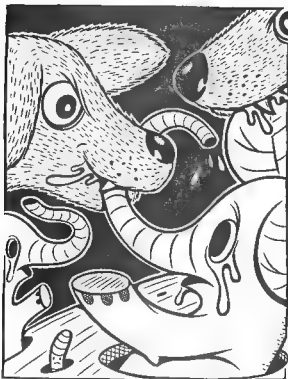
He saved each of them from the beating rain and
 wind under a nice big floppy ear.

They lived under a deep pea green moon and a nice
 pea yellow sun.

Each day was just as sweet as cake and each
 night was sugar spun.

They lived like this for two whole days and their
 eyes grew greater still.

Their cheeks grew fat with joy and love and green
 with chlorophyll.



Then came the day when the dogs came their way and took the young twins for their food. They dribbled and drooled as they swallowed them down their manners were really quite rude.

Father Squash spoiled and wilted and fell to the ground, his fruit was so sour and beaten.

"Damn all those dogs with their big hungry mouths and the terrible lunch they have eaten."



WORKIN' FOR

CHUMP CHANGE





FRANZ
KAFKA'S

The
Helmshman

Illustrated
by
PETER
KUPER



AM I NOT the
helmsman here?

You?

asked: a tall, dark man and passed his hands
over his eyes as though
to banish
dreams.

I had

been standing at

the helm in the dark night,
and now this man had come
and tried to push me
aside.

And as I would not yield, he put his foot on my chest and slowly crushed me while I still clung to the hub of the helm, wrenching it round on a jag.

But the man

seized it.

pulled it

back in place,

and pushed

I soon

collected

myself,

however,

Men! Comrades!

Come here, quick!

A stranger has
driven me away
from the
helm!

and cried out

Slowly they came on
rounding the companion head
tired, swaying, powerful figures

Am I
the
helmsman?

They nodded,

but they had

eyes only

for the stranger,

and when,
in a
commanding
voice,
he said:

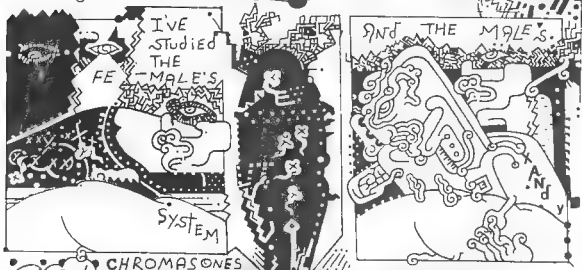
Don't
disturb
me!

gathered together, wedded
and withdrew
down
the
companion

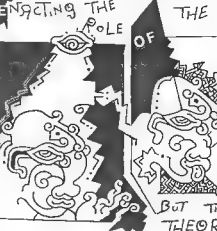
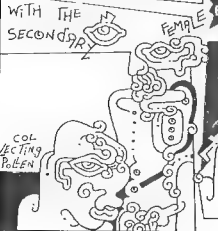
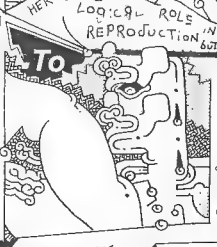
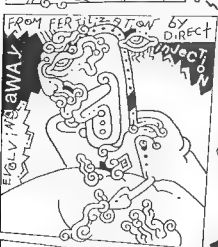
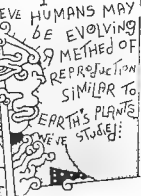
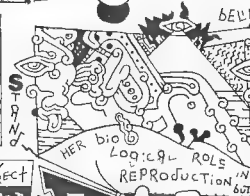
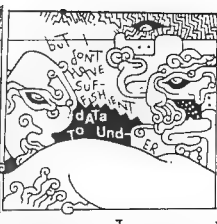
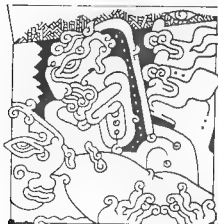
people are these:

OBSEVERE

by JCG3



Contradictions



ESPECIALLY
THE SECOND
FEMALE

BUT I
DON'T
HAVE
SUFFICIENT
DATA
TO UNDER-
STAND

I BELIEVE HUMANS MAY
BE EVOLVING
A METHOD OF
REPRODUCTION
SIMILAR TO
EARTH'S PLANTS
WE'VE STUDIED

HER BIOLOGICAL ROLE
REPRODUCTION IN
BUT

TO

CROSS POL-
LENI-
ZATION

WITH THE
SECONDARY

FEMALE

ENACTING THE
ROLE

OF

THE HONEY BEE.

COL-
LECTING
POLLEN

DEPOSITING POLLEN

BUT THIS IS ONLY A
THEORY.

FINIS

SERVER

BY

J
C
S

I HAVE REPORTED THAT

HUMAN

RE

PRODUCTION IS GENERALLY
CONDUCTED
VIGOROUSLY

NOT
NECESSARILY
VIOLENTLY

APPARENTLY
MANY HUMANS
BIND AND GAG
THEIR REPRODUCTIVE
SEX PARTNERS

HUMANS

bind

SEEM TO
BE DIV-
ided into
binders
and
bindees
and
IVE

observed THAT

ALL HUMANS COMPLAIN
ABOUT INEPT SEX
PARTNERS
BOTH MALES

AND FEMALES

ESPECIALLY FE-
MALES, AS THEY
ARE THE MORE
VERBAL OF THE
TWO

So I DONT UNDER-
STAND WHY THE FEMALE IS

MORE LIKELY
TO BE THE
GAGGED
ONE.

MY
HYPOTHESIS

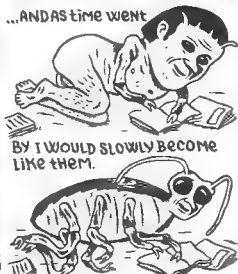
I BELIEVE THEY BIND
THEIR REPRODUCTIVE
SEX PARTNERS

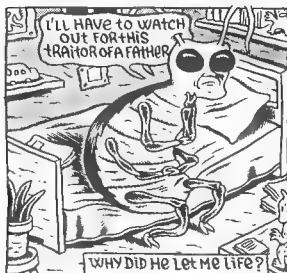
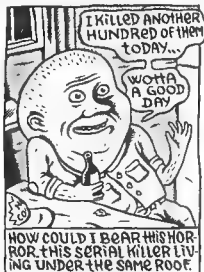
to avoid ACCI-
DENTAL INJURY DURING SEX



GOING HOME THAT EVENING, I KNEW VERY WELL MY LIFE HAD BEEN ENTIRELY
CHANGED SINCE I HAD BECOME:



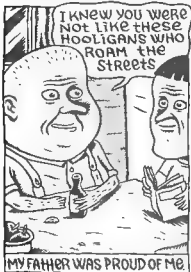
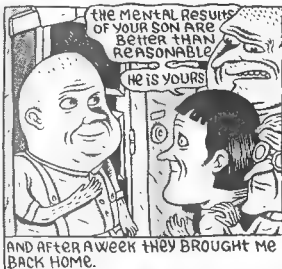






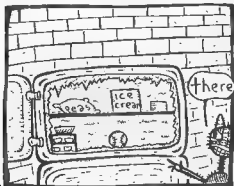


I SPENT THE EVENING AT THE STATION THEN MY FATHER CAME TO PICK ME UP. HE SCOLDED ME THEN DECIDED TO HAVE ME THROWN IN A HOME FOR JUVENILES WITH ENFORCED MEDICAL SURVEILLANCE.



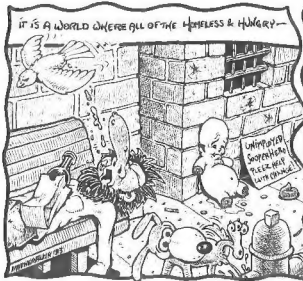
MYRON'S PETS

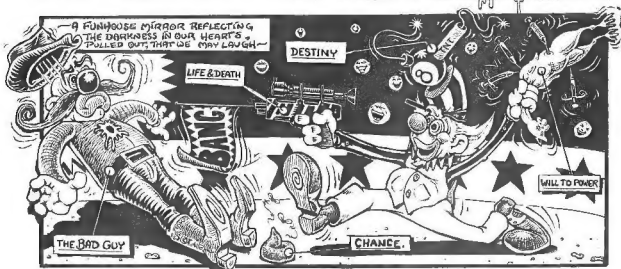
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the last gasp catalog



For the past twenty five years, **LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO** has been bringing you rebellious publications covering major cultural trends since the End of WWII. From the Beats to the Underground to Cyberspace, Last Gasp offers publications of all shapes, sizes and subjects. Comix, skinhead novels 'zines and oversize art books will be delivered to your door provided you are over 18 years of age.

The Last Gasp Catalog is a quarterly publication that lists and comments on the publications received in our warehouse in the past quarter. Arranged by subject and alphabetical order, it is a direct view into current cultural productions. It also contains our complete backlist in index format and alphabetical. More than ten thousand titles separated in Graphics and Books.



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SNACK WAGON

